A

PINDARIQUE

To Their Sacred Majesties,

JAMES II.

And His Royal Consort

Queen MARY,

On Their joynt CORONATIONS

At *Westminster*, April 23. 1685.

By *JOHN WILSON*.

— Sine vindice tuti.

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To Their Sacred MAJESTIES

The King and Queen,

On Their Joynt CORONATIONS, &c.

I.

WHile, That *First-matter* (whatsoever it was)
That *Fluid Infinite*,
Lay, yet inseparate,
Nought cou'd be said to Be, but a void Mass,
Or indigested Lump, without a Soul:
Only, a dull, dead, heavy Night,
Or a worse Darkness sate
Sate Brooding on the Whole:
But when the Mighty *Fiat* past,
Th' unwieldy *Chaos* broke;
Each 'tangled Element was wing'd with Hast,
Fought out its way, and to its Centre took;
The Sun appear'd; The Earth, Shot-forth,
An *Universal Monarch* bore the Sway;
Glory on High, and Peace on Earth,
Was the great Song; until her Gyant-brood,
Disturb'd That Heav'nly Lay;
And, Topsy-turvy'ing ev'ry thing, Embrew'd,
Their harmless Mother, with Seditious Blood.

II.

Such was our Case at home: This, *England's*, Shee,
(To pass the rest) that from an *Heptarchy*,
Weather'd so many Centuries;
Nor knew more Lords than One,
Yet spread her Branches to the Ocean;
How was She Rackt, with Fears, and Jealousies?
Her Beauty, and her Bands, how gone?
Her Order Lost; Her Seamless Coate,
Torn into Raggs: What can't a Faction Vote!

One might have Sought, and ſought (too true)
Her, in her ſelf, yet miſt her too,
She was ſo ſmear'd with blood:
While all along, The ſtupid Croud,
Snarle at the Stone, but kiſs the Hand, that threw:
'Til moyl'd, and tir'd they ſtood; and then,
Conſid'ring What they'd done;
Soon as the Scales fell from their Eyes,
Came up to the loſt Paths agen,
Ador'd the Majeſty th'ad ſlain;
Mark'd out ſome Heads for Sacrifice,
And with united Ecchoes, Rent the Skies.

III.

And now, your Royal Brother once reſtor'd,
Who was not *Inſtrumental* in't?
One mought have found, Ten honeſt Men,
Before one factious Lord:
Where was That He, that did not give the Hint?
Treaſon! and Traitor! Bleſs us! What
Means the harſh Phraſe, to Men regenerate?
So Smooth, and Slick, was ev'ry Face agen:
The People Shout! The Houſes vie
Who ſhall Do moſt: All! all's the Cry!
Yet He, Out-did 'em: 'twas but Ask, and Have;
So glad He was, not to Deſtroy, but Save.
Thus Basking in his Beams they lay,
Till Fat, and Wanton with their Eaſe,
They muſt Riſe-up to Play;
Their Nouriſhment, turn'd to Diſeaſe;
They lift the Heel, Snuff up the Wind, and Bray:
And as we ſee a Swelling Sea,
Keep Rowling, thô the Storm be ſpent;
Having no more to Wiſh to Be,
They muſt be now, Secure, or Inſolent:
Your Happy Brother Found, and Broke the Clew;
To keep it Such, was left (Great SIR) to You.

IV.

You, You in whom, Your Royal Anceſtours
Thô Dead, yet Speak, and Live anew;
Their mighty Deeds, break-forth in You,
And their forgotten Urnes, beare Flowers.

Not

Nor do You raiſe the Dead, alone,
But in the Living, *Emulation*;
So that Who'd Speak it right, muſt Call
You, *Coeur de Lyon*, An Original,
At leaſt, th' united Excellence of All,
Did not the *Royal Harrys* claime a Share;
(The Seventh of *England*, and the Fourth of *France*)
They ne'er ſaid *Go*, but *Let us on*;
So *Cæſar*, paſt the *Rubicon*:
Full well They knew, Subjects delight,
To have a King, Will *See* 'em fight:
Nor Raſhly yet: Nature's advance,
Is not by Leaps, but Steps: And ſuch too, are,
Yours; (Royal SIR) Their Crowns, and Vertues Heir.
But I'm too blame---- Who beats on Ages paſt,
Hunts a foil'd Chaſe: Be what they will,
You have Perform'd ſo much, this *Laſt*,
The *Next*, muſt ſet You' for Example ſtill.

V.

Which of 'em All, more Glorious Hazards ran?
With greater Conduct, or with leſs Concern?
Such, That the Beſt, might from You Learn,
To be A *Gen'ral*, or A *Private Man.*
Flanders did Feel, and *France* Confeſs,
Your Early Arms, when from Your blooming Youth,
Turein made Judgment of Your future Growth:
Thus *Hercules*,
Gave the Eſſay,
What He wou'd prove another day:
And beardleſs *Alexander*, put to rout
The World, ere *Cæſar* thought, of ſetting-out.
Nor has the Omen fail'd (Great SIR) in You:
You return'd ſafe, and Fraught with Laurels too:
They Like the Soil; Root, and become,
A Safe-guard, to Your Oake at home,
Let her between 'em grow,
And with her humble Sprigs, adorn Your Brow,
For, that ſhe ſpreds anew, is all *Your Own*;

Fortune, has nothing in it; *She*,
Finds only Matter, to us; *We*,
We give it Form, and *Her*, her Deity.

VI.

Nor has the thrice-aſſerted *Britiſh* Main,
Leſs own'd You, when as oft in-vain,
The *Dutch* diſputed the Dominion,
Your Arms o'rer-ul'd the *Plea*;
They Dread your Flag, and at Your Thunder, Flee:
Fain wou'd The Watry God have ſav'd his own;
And in diſorder----- Thus----- Wee'll meet alone:
He Watcht his time, and had it; Threw a Shelf,
And ſunk Your Ship; But, ſeeing You afloat,
He now, fear'd for himſelf,
And in confuſion, fled Your ſingle Boat.
What ſhall I add? The Lyon of the North,
Had half brok-looſe agen;
But at Your very ſetting-forth,
He Trembled; and on ſight, came-in;
Came-in, and Couch'd; Rouze him, Who e'er he be,
H'as led the Peaceful way, to t'other Three:
Nor was it ſtrange; Falcons Purſue
The rankeſt Wing; The ſame did You;
Whoſe generous Sword, did never vie
A Triumph, but a Victory;
Nor made more uſe of That, than to forgive;
You Quell'd the Stubborn, bad the Humble, Live.
And now, Poſſeſs us All: Thô yet,
Do what we can, we muſt be ſtill Ingrate.

VII.

But, I'm deceiv'd, or We're already ſuch;
'Twas *Rome's*, and *Athens* Beſt Mens Fate,
To have deſerv'd too much:
Your Royal Father's, only fault:
And if to have purſu'd the nobleſt ends;
Firm to *Your Word*, and Conſtant to *Your Friends*;
T'ave minded *Other's ſafety*, not *Your Own*,
Nor to be Dazled with A Crown,

Be, to be Crim'nal (SIR) You're Guilty too:
Or, if repeated Injuries, may bear
The name of Gratitude, You, had Your Share;
But Your Stanch Vertue, brought You through.
Thus, as one Good, begets another Good,
Your Reſolution, gave You Fortitude,
And made You More than Conqueror:
You gave the Torrent way; Withdrew,
And (*Parthian-like*) by wheeling, You ſubdue:
At leaſt, ſo Broke the Faction, Ev'ry one
Has waſht his Hands of *Your Excluſion*:
We'are All one Mothers Sons; All joyn,
In this Great Days Solemnities:
Not that a Coronation adds more
To You, (in all reſpects, Full-King before;)
Than to th' Intrinſick value of Your Coyn,
The Stamp, which carries, only This,
That it declares, *What*, and *Whoſe* Image 'tis.

VIII.

But ſtay----- What's here!----- Another *Star* at Noon!
One? ----- 'tis A *Conſtellation!*
You, no leſs Gratious, than Royal Queen!
The Abſtract of whatever Good has been,
Nor That, by Art, but Inclination:
In whom, no ſingle This, or That,
But Ev'ry Grace, and Virtue meet;
So fully too, that we may gueſs,
What the Firſt Woman in Perfection, was:
To theſe, That Beauty, That variety,
Multitude, Mixture, Correſpondency,
That Free, yet Awful Majeſty;
You might be taken for A *Kind*, alone;
And wou'd, but that You 'owe's *A Son*:
You've One, We wait, Another *James the Great*;
And *Modena*, fam'd for Heroick Men,
Aſſures us, You'll not miſs the Strein:
Let him (if poſſible) be Greater yet:
Let him ----- I go too far ----- The Reſt, I'll gueſs;
But had gone further, were my Rev'rence leſs.

IX.

How Happy are Ye then, moſt Royal Pair,
You, in A *Queen*; She, in Her *Partener*;
And All Good *Subjects*, in their Humble ſhare!
Let Others Now, Plot; Let'em Raiſe
Their Old, or New *Utopias*;
Let'em *Cajole*, Coax, Fucus, Cant,
Their *Beldam Pus*, *The Covenant:*
Let'em ſwear On, and Off; nay, till it be,
That Others, Yawn for company:
Let'em Doubt, Whiſper, Murmur; Form,
Thoſe hollow Blaſts, into a Storm:
Your Vertue is impenetrable Mail;
And Great is Truth, and will prevail;
When They, like Arrows, Shot againſt a Wall;
Or Ruines, Break themſelves, on What, they fall.
Thus Seated, on That Rock of Truth,
While Clouds, and Storms, gather Below,
'Tis All Serene, Above: Looſe Winds, may blow;
Impoſtumated Billows, riſe;
And Hurricanes, threaten the Skies;
But in Deſpight, of their ſpent Froth,
Your Station is ſecure: You bear aloof,
And wrapt in Your own Laurel, Thunder proof.

X.

Hark! Hark (Moſt Mighty SIR') The Gen'ral Shout,
Shews, the Heart's willing, And the Toung, ſpeaks out!
All honeſt Men wou'd have You ſo,
Safe in Your Self, and in Your Subjects too;
Dreaded Abroad; at Home, lov'd, and rever'd;
Without a Noiſy, Reſty Herd,
But ſuch, as Repreſent, not Perſonate;
Such, as Deſign You, Truly Great;
And ſtudying to Salve, not Move Debate,
Shall ſtill Aſſert You (What You are)
The ſingle Arbiter, of Peace, and War:
And make Your Foes Confeſs, *Thô the Sun Warms*
At Liberty, Contract it once, it Burns.

FINIS.